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"At Arlington."

ETERNAL peace be theirs; they nobly died—
Dark slav'ry's fall atoning for their fight—
Fresh from their strife arose, as morn from night,
A purer freedom for our country's bride.
By pity's gentle hand all tears were dried,
While hatred fled before the holy light
Of Christian love that, with fond hopes bedight,
Our Union stronger made by sorrow tried.

Then strew with nature's choicest flowers the graves
Where sleep the thousands of our soldier-dead,
Seek friend and foe alike, denying none;
God's love the vanquished and the victor saves,
And they in that bright love for aye are wed!
There is no North, no South at Arlington.

P. W.

Dinners with Novelists.*

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The art of dining, in literature, is as important as it is in real life. We have lost all respect for the heroines in white satin of the beginning of this century, who never dined at all. At the most, they "quaffed a clear draught from a crystal spring," and plucked a ripe peach from an overladen tree just after Orlando had rescued them from the brigand's cave; or perhaps they touched their ruby lips to the cup of milk, and barely tasted the white bread which some shepherd brought them; consequently they are dead and forgotten. The perils they endured in haunted castles and in

damp caves, in the inevitable white satin dresses, might have been mitigated by a decent dinner. As to the heroes, they never ate at all; it was beneath their dignity—and they are dead, too!

In the novels of the middle of this century, the dinner had not yet found its true place. I am speaking now of the fashionable novels, the novels of "society." Lady Clara Vere de Vere took an ice occasionally, or dipped into something with a long French name; but Lord Reginald scarcely did more than toss off a bumper, except at one of those *al fresco* entertainments so numerous in the novels of the forties.

Of the modern fashionable novelists, there is probably the most good eating in Ouida and Miss Braddon. In their hands the dinner becomes the event of the day, and there are all sorts of delicious tid-bits thrown in. I have not a complete edition of Ouida's works—I wonder if anybody on earth has?—but I have dim memories of some gorgeous repasts, garnished with scraps of Latin and chunks of French and allusions to Baudelaire, Obermann, the Piper that played before Moses, and other names known only to the *femme savante*. But, if I mistake not, there is a strange unreality about Ouida's dinners. They are always long, and there is a great deal to drink—of a certain kind. Who cares whether the Falernian was bequeathed to Lucrezia Borgia by an ancestor of Lady Sudberg, who had it from a freeman of the great Horace, or not? Or whether the ortolans were worthy of the praise of Brillat-Savarin? We want something definite. We want to know whether Lord Guilderoy put ice in the Falernian or not, and whether the Duchess of Soria knows of

* By permission of the author from a forthcoming book of essays.

any bird within the reach of moderate means that will answer for the ortolan in our climate. The present tendency to realism in fiction requires that every novelist shall add a book of recipes as an appendix to his novel. It is impossible for a right-minded reader to judge properly of the character of a heroine or hero unless he knows what she or he eats and how she or he eats it.

If Lord Guilderoy put ice into that Falernian, worth a hundred guineas a drop, who could endure him longer? And if the Duchess of Soria did not eat her ortolan after the manner whispered confidentially into the ear of M. Brillat-Savarin by a greater gourmand, Canon Charcot, should we believe in her? Does not the great Brillat-Savarin tell us that an ortolan must be taken by the bill with the fingers, deftly carried to the mouth, and, with the assistance of the same fingers, gradually put in that position under the teeth most proper for quick chewing? Yes, he says, "*machez vivement*," and it is not a mere saying, it is a command. And does he not expressly tell us in the famous "Physiology of Taste" that the ortolan eaten this way "gives a pleasure unknown to the vulgar?" And then, with a grace unknown to moderns, does he not quote Horace's *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*?

Ah! how superior is the supreme gourmet, Brillat-Savarin, to that apostle of the cotillon and the pic-nic, who once stood Marius-like among social ruins in New York. How well-bred the great Brillat-Savarin was; he smiles to himself when he hears the Americans talking constantly, just after 1776, of the "Marquis,"* instead of M. de Lafayette; he found the national song, "Yankee Doodle," as queer as the fact that the Dutch and the English took a heavy breakfast washed down only with tea; but he makes no remark about all this until he can gently and confidentially put it into French. And then mind his only and characteristic quotation from St. Francis de Sales, to the effect that fire is good during a dozen months out of the twelve! He does not say much about good society, but one feels that all the delicacies of the old courts,—which even Talleyrand regretted,—had been every-day manners with him. He tells us all about the turkey in a robust manly way; it should be stuffed with Lyons sausage and chestnuts and

truffled; he says nothing of that *dindon a la Bordelaise* that the immature modern would enjoin on us. What was good enough for Marie Antionette is good enough for us; but oh! if she could only have tasted this *dindon* with cranberry sauce before she died; for the turkey, roasted, without cranberry sauce, is incomplete.

A complete turkey served to Robespierre in time might have changed the whole course of history. Let us admit that he was dyspeptic; his actions and complexion were those of a dyspeptic man. If anything can tempt the appetite of the dyspeptic, it is the black meat of the turkey. But even Mirabéau, so anxious to save the French monarchy, never knew of this! There is no excuse for M. de Lafayette; he had been in America; *he* knew better. This oversight confirms me in the belief that he was as anxious for the fall of Louis XVI. as Philippe Egalité. Marat, we know, had an unpleasant habit of taking his meals in the bathtub, with a board put across it to serve as a table from which he ate. Nothing could be worse for digestion, except "ice cream"—abominable word!—swallowed after hot meats. With a little trouble all those Revolutionary excesses can be traced to dyspepsia. George Augustus Sala once suggested that there would be less bitterness in the *Inferno*, if Madonna Gemma Donati had looked a little closer after the manufacture of Dante's macaroni and seen that his *chianti* did not sour—I fear, however, that this is a digression.

Miss Braddon's characters eat a great deal, and she tells us what they eat. In moments of exalted emotion, we generally find them with wood strawberries and *champagne fine*; but an elopement, not of the comic kind, or a suicide, seldom occurs in her pages unless there is *pate de foie gras* somewhere about. She does not disdain Welsh rabbits and bitter beer. There is an appropriateness about her food which would be almost subtle, if it were not at times a little heavy-handed. Wood strawberries are exquisitely idyllic, and *champagne fine*—which, I suppose, means brandy—preludes, like slow music in the melodrama, the entrance of a Russian princess or some other adventure-ess; and *pate de foie gras*, unless taken with discretion, naturally connects itself with a tragical frame of mind. The dinners, if a little too long and common, are never so impossible as Ouida's; but—and I beg her pardon—they

*The late George Washington himself was very fond of a title. How he used to roll "Marquis" under his tongue!

have an air of being made up from a hotel bill of fare. This is fatal. A novelist should always taste every dish before he serves it. How unsatisfactory Lord Beaconsfield is in this respect. Gold glitters, so does barbaric plate-glass, candelabra flame; but the feast is really Barmecidal. That man was capable of serving a half-orange or a boiled peacock on a gold salver; and, if he did not adorn roast pheasants with diamond necklaces it was because he did not think of the atrocity. He was capable of anything; but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. This reminds me of another good point in Brillat-Savarin; he always quotes Latin that everybody can understand.

For the real gourmand—not the delicate gourmet—there are no authors like Dickens, Sir Walter and Charles Kingsley. (Bulwer? Do not mention him; he serves up the fine and the beautiful and the good too often; even the banquet in *The Last Days* smells of the encyclopædia; one sees how rebellious his son became against this crudity,—one sees it, I say, in the popular lines about dining, in *Lucile*, which lines, by the way, keep *Lucile* alive.) It requires a strong stomach to sit at table with Sir Walter's people, though it must be admitted that the cooking is plain and without pretension. Still, cold venison without currant jelly is just a little difficult. I should keep quiet on this point if Sir Walter were still with us, because I could never write anything that would give so admirable a man the slightest pain. It is evident, however, that he really never knew what a good dinner was. One can even fancy him eating turtle soup without knowing that a drop of sherry so vastly improves it. And we cannot help wondering how so good a man could have preferred quantity to quality. We must remember, however, that he never lived to know what a canvas-back duck meant; and there is reason to believe that his heroes, who often shot wild duck, roasted them until their breasts were black! Of all modern novelists, Dickens shows, in his novels, the least refined or artistic feeling for the art of dining. He is a great contrast to Miss Austen, who is always refined, but intensely ignorant; however, she has sense enough to know this. She would have been incapable of a dinner like the famous Veneering horror in *Our Mutual Friend*. And her delicate mind—unenlightened as it was by the knowledge of our higher civilization—would have shrunk from the orgies

among tripe and onions, beefsteak and tomato sauces, beef and ale, which the late Mr. Dickens evidently considered remedies for all human ills. I have always had a suspicion that the reason why Little Nell and Paul Dombey and others of Dickens' children died so young was because he did not know how to feed them properly.

Charles Kingsley's people never dine; they feed; they are fit companions for creatures who revel in pie. Thackeray is different; he is, perhaps, too fond of whitebait; but he had a really Parisian taste; he knew how to respect the feelings of the cook he immortalized. Of all English novelists, he is the only one worthy of a crown of parsley leaves. How perfect are his little dinners; how well managed; how simple! One is sure of finding his Burgundy of the correct temperature, and the mutton is *always* right. One is safe in his hands, and the consequence is that one can sit beside poor, dear Becky Sharp at dinner and see none of her faults,—for a good soup, or a crisp *entrée*, makes one very charitable. It is true, he had not our modern feeling for flowers, and he might have been capable of serving a *vol au vent** on the same table as orchids or some heavy, splendid flowers, or permitting a pistache ice,—which ought to be a spring-like green, to be eaten under pink-shaded candles.† The most we can say of him is that he was not advanced. But how perfect his harmonies are compared with the discords of some of our moderns; he is as the "Moonlight Sonata" to "Linger Longer, Loo."

Little can as yet be said of our American novelists; Howells, Crawford, James, Arthur Hardy are susceptible, but self-conscious; they think too much of their evening coats, and seem always afraid that a drop of sauce will fall on their shirt fronts. Howells, in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, was almost great in his description of a dinner in an Italian restaurant at New York; but he has never risen above that. He has done enough to make us hope that he will one day teach his fellow countrymen that simplicity and lack of haste are the principal virtues of a perfect dinner. Then he may say that his mission is accomplished.

* A *vol au vent* should always go with lilies of the valley or something very delicate.

† It is suspected that Tammany's quarrel with President Cleveland was occasioned by a mistake like this at a state dinner.

A Tale of the Fifties.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

It was away back in the early fifties; the month was March; the scene Notre Dame, and his name was Andy Paucam. At the time of our tale there was stored in the basement of the college building an old brass cannon, a relic of the Mexican war. This cannon was always looked upon with reverent eyes by the smaller boys, and even the older ones never thought of laying profane hands on it. At least they did not think of it until Andy put it into their heads to treat it with disrespect.

Andy was a wild, careless chap, fonder of play than of work and always planning new adventures and mischievous schemes. One afternoon, in this month of March, about a week before St. Patrick's day, Andy was sent to the basement to meditate on his wrongdoings and incidentally to wait until the Prefect could find time to administer a much-needed chastisement. Andy did not meditate much. Meditation was not one of his strong points. At present all his energies were bent upon devising an excuse to palm off on the Prefect. His fertile imagination was not long in finding a plausible one, and then he looked around for something to keep him busy. The Prefect was long in coming, and in the meantime Andy's eyes travelled all over the basement. They finally rested on the old cannon. He looked at it dreamily for a moment and then suddenly a scheme took possession of him. Why not wake up the natives by firing a salute with the old cannon? The thought no sooner came to him than he began to plan how it should be done. He climbed over the boxes and rubbish to the cannon and closely examined it. He found it as solid as ever, a little bit rusty, it is true, but then a little rust can never stand between a boy of sixteen when there is any fun in sight. He became so absorbed in determining how to carry out his plan that when the Prefect finally put in an appearance he forgot all about his excuse, and quietly submitted to the whipping without the usual vocal accompaniment much to the worthy Prefect's surprise and suspicion.

After supper that night he gathered his cronies together in a safe place and divulged

his scheme to them. Two or three hesitated to approve of the plan, but Andy's persuasive eloquence soon won them over to his way of thinking. It was decided that the salute should be fired on the morning of St. Patrick's day. Andy and two other boys were appointed as a committee to procure the powder and make all arrangements. The committee, on the following Thursday, suddenly vanished from the domains of the college only to reappear shortly afterwards in a general store in South Bend. They came ostensibly to examine the latest things in gloves, but while Andy engaged the attention of the proprietor the other two quickly filled their pockets from the powder keg which, at that time, always stood open in every general store in the thinly-settled West. Then they also examined the gloves and commented on them, while Andy's nimble fingers were making swift excursions from the keg to his spacious pockets. After praising the gloves and getting warm at the red-hot stove at the risk of their lives, they departed without buying anything. They got back to the college without being detected and reported to the "gang." The powder was stored in a safe place until the night before the 17th, when the boys dragged the old cannon to the doorway of the basement and loaded it up with all the pilfered powder. They fixed a slow match to the touch-hole and fixed it so it could readily be fired in the morning. The basement door was in a dark place in the rear of the building, so there was little danger of the cannon being found loaded. Then a meeting was held to determine who was to be made gunner. After much discussion, in which it was held out that as Andy had been the originator of the scheme he ought to carry it out, it was decided that Andy should have the honorable, yet dangerous, privilege of applying the match.

At five o'clock the next morning, while all the others were buried in sleep, Andy cautiously crept out of the dormitory and through the dark halls to the rear door of the college. After making sure that the way was clear, he crept along the side of the building to where the grim messenger of death was silently waiting to make its last salute. It was just dawn, but there was light enough to see objects around quite distinctly. The staring windows faintly glimmered in the early light and seemed to the nervous boy to be watching him. After again making sure that there was no one around, Andy attempted

to light the slow match. His hands shook so much that it was only after several attempts that he succeeded in making the slow match burn. Making sure that it was really burning, he hurriedly got back of a convenient tree and awaited further developments. Slowly—oh, how slowly!—the small red spark crept towards the touch-hole. Once or twice it sputtered and seemed to go out. It was almost there; it stopped again, this time so long that Andy started forward to relight it, but on the instant with a loud, fierce sizzle, it blazed up, entered the touch-hole and with a blinding flash and a thundering roar the old cannon belched forth a royal salute to Erin's patron saint. Like an echo a second crash followed swift on the first, as the concussion of the air shattered every pane of glass in that side of the building. Andy had closed his eyes at the first crash, but at the second one he opened them in amazement, and astounded gazed at the broken windows, while pieces of shattered glass fell all around him. There was a minute's pause. Then the startled priests, brothers and students came rushing out in surprise and fear. Andy stood for a moment spellbound by the unexpected part the windows had taken in the program. Then with a hasty glance at the shattered windows and the frightened crowd he turned and fled to the woods.

One Sunday afternoon three weeks later a team of horses drawing a farm-wagon slowly made its way out of the pine forest and over the plank road that ran through the hills and plains of central Michigan. The team was driven by a farmer by whose side sat a tired, ragged, footsore boy. The boy was very nervous, and as the wagon slowly approached a farm house, which stood a little back from the road, his nervousness increased till when they came to the lane which ran back to the house he said something to the farmer and jumped out. He seated himself on the top rail of the snake fence while his companion drove up to the house. A man came out to whom the farmer talked for a moment. An angry look came over the man's face as the farmer spoke. He turned angrily towards the boy who was gazing at him woefully. But the sight of the comical figure sitting forlornly on the top rail was too much for his sense of the ludicrous. His anger vanished with a hearty laugh; and a moment later, Andy was in his father's arms, sobbing out the story of his valedictory to Notre Dame.

A Confirmation in May.

AROUND Thy altar, Lord, Thy children kneel,
Each safe-enshrined within Thy loving Heart
Each bearing to Thy lofty throne a part
Of Nature's beauties; in their souls they feel
Thy sacred words in the angelic peal.
Of music, raised on high to where Thou art;
Thou whose sweet soul was pierced by Love's keen
dart
Behold Thy children here for Thy pure seal!

Look at all nations full of love for Thee,
Decking Thy altars with Earth's fairest flowers,
Wreathing the lilies into crowns with care,
Clasping the rose, the sign of purity,
Beneath the shade of many leaved bowers,
As they accept Excalibur with prayer.

M. J. C.

Longfellow's Poetry.

EDWARD MCKENZIE.

The tendency of Longfellow's poetry, like that of Goethe's, is for the most part objective, dealing with things of real existence, or such as may be conceived to exist outside of the poet's mind; it is therefore healthy and cheerful. We all know "The Village Blacksmith;" and the man who hears it well sung may feel himself a stronger and happier being than before. This is what the genuine poet can do for mankind—to create and to impress forever upon that memory of the heart which is called imagination some true type of our common humanity in the recognition of which we forget and forgive each private grief, as we feel the "whole world kin." Who cannot sympathize with the blacksmith? We see him bravely standing at his forge, "week in, week out, from morn till night;" and with his heavy hammer beating on the anvil in a storm of sound and flame and flying sparks, to shape the work of his life:

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

We see him again on the Sunday morning, in the gallery at church with his boys; "he hears the parson pray and preach," but he also hears his little daughter in the choir, "singing with her mother's voice;" and the blacksmith's hard, rough hand wipes a tear of sweet sorrow from his honest eyes!

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some work begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned the night's repose."

In his discursive prose essays and romances, "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer," we may observe his wide scholarship and knowledge of the different European languages and their legends. The Rhine-land, and the old cities of Germany; the old provinces of France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Spain and Italy; Sweden, Norway and Denmark, including Ireland, are made the alternate homes of his travelling muse. She nevertheless comes faithfully back to Massachusetts, and there sits down to relate some characteristic tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans of the old colonial time, or the sturdy patriots of the American Revolution. Mr. Longfellow is, indeed, as one might say, an omnivorous translator of foreign poetry and adapter of foreign themes. These versatile performances do not much concern our estimate of his merits as an original poet. His versions from the French, German and Italian are usually both more accurate and graceful than any renditions of the same text by another hand.

In that unique mythological epic of the North American Indian heroic age, the romantic poem "Hiawatha," with its masterly appropriation of a large store of ethnological learning, he has produced a charming poem and an instructive monument of human life. The first reading is seldom quite satisfactory. One is vexed by the multitude of queer, outlandish names, the frequent repetition of phrases and epithets, and the peculiar versification, and unrhymed octosyllabic chant, which resembles, in its lifting strain, the rude metrical compositions of the old Anglo-Saxon form of our language. But we soon become aware, upon a second reading, that the rhythmic cadences of "Hiawatha," when run lightly and trippingly off the tongue, are perfectly musical; the strange words are explained by their immediate context; while the air of more than rustic, more than boyish, simplicity, given by the artless mention of so many unessential details, is found at last not more wearisome than in the translations from the immortal Greek. The poet who speaks to us here is not the highly-educated professor of Harvard University, but the unlettered Indian singer,

Nawadaha, dwelling in the Vale of Tawasentha, and warbling "his native wood-notes wild" as freely as those he heard from the birds of the forest primeval, or in the swamps, on the shores of the Great Lakes:

"Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?"

In order to enjoy this noble poem we must exert the active faculty of imagination. We must try to feel in ourselves what the poor Ojibbeways and Dacotahs must have felt, supposing them to have been really favored by divine appointment with an inspired chief of their race—a demi-god, a son of the West Wind—sent to be their leader and teacher; one accredited by miraculous signs and gifts of power, and enlightened by a special revelation of heavenly wisdom. Such is "Hiawatha," the bravest, kindest, strongest and cleverest of men; the best of friends, the best of lovers and husbands, the darling of nature; the comrade of all living creatures, talking with every beast and bird; the valiant champion, the mighty hunter, the inventive craftsman; the author of laws and learning, of arts and manners, yet still a mortal; heir to all human sorrows, and doomed to vanish mysteriously from among the people when he had welcomed the advent of the first Christian civilizing mission.

The story of "Evangeline," belonging to the history of the French colonists in Nova Scotia, has a gentle and pathetic interest, which tends—with the refined purity of sentiment, the grace of innocent maidenhood, and harmless guileless rural life, the tender affections of the heroine, and the descriptions of American scenery—to make its perusal very agreeable. But it seems ever haunted, like that of "Hiawatha," by an air of mortal sadness, which breathes the spirit of humility and resignation, not the spirit of despair. Listen to the mournful refrain:

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

The remembrance of this plaintive note besets us all the way, as we follow the wandering pair of lovers, in their ever-failing pursuit of

each other, from north to south and from east to west, and back again from the far West, to the city of Penn-the-apostle, till they find rest in the little Catholic churchyard, behind the crowded street. As in a vast diorama of the greatly diversified scenery of North America, the descriptive passages of this beautiful poem unfold in grand succession before our eyes the Atlantic shores of a cool and temperate region, between forest and sea, inhabited by farmers, wood-men and cod-fishers; or the broad-spreading Mississippi, in its lower course, beneath a semi-tropical sky, with cotton trees or groves of orange and citron growing on the banks; with cypresses or cedars on the higher ground, and with flocks of pelicans wading in the tepid lagoons; or the pathless, endless expanse of the vast western prairies, with their "billowy bogs of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine," bedecked with an infinite variety of brilliant flowers, the haunt of buffalo-herds, of the wolf, the wild horse and the vulture; or the deep ravines and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, which lift their jagged tops above perpetual snows. Mr. Longfellow has certainly done his best to sing the picturesque features of his beloved native land.

Another good example of his poetical patriotism is "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which is a narrative poem in the same style and metre as "Evangeline;" a stouter, manlier, and livelier tale, if not so delicately sweet. This story, too, is founded on fact, belonging to the early years of the Puritan settlement on Massachusetts Bay. The character of the brave, honest, headstrong, angry, and sometimes ridiculous Englishman, a soldier of freedom with the experiences of a soldier of fortune, is worthy to have been drawn by Sir Walter Scott. That of the true English maiden Priscilla, with her delightful frankness and archness, her womanly indignation at the clumsy manner of his wooing, and her undisguised liking of John Alden, is worthy of companionship with the good Rowena, in Scott's "Ivanhoe." Any artist who wants a pretty subject for a beautiful picture of figures in a woodland scene may be advised to try his hand at one of John Alden leading the white bull, with his bride seated on a crimson cushion and saddle-cloth, homeward on the wedding day beneath the foliage of an American autumn, colored with the golden hues of that clime and season.

An Elizabethan Lyrist.

HORACE A. WILSON, '98.

In every book-loving person's life there are times when he is so overcome by *ennui* that he finds it impossible to read. In such a state of mind, if he happens to be a college student, he goes to the large library, not with the intention of reading, but merely to idle away an hour among the books. While looking about, he takes out, here and there, certain books which happen to strike his fancy, perhaps because of their being unfamiliar to him. How often is it the case, that, in listlessly turning over the pages of the book he has selected, he strikes upon some passage which interests him, and eventually leads him to become more familiar with the author and his works.

Southwell's "Poems" is one of the books which would be liable to attract the attention of a student afflicted with this "book-disease," if I may so call it, as it is a work which is now seldom seen in any but the largest libraries. It is a very small book; but it contains many things of interest to the student, especially a chapter on the life of the half-forgotten, but remarkable, man who put into verse the feelings of a fervent, loving heart. Robert Southwell was born at his father's seat, Horsham St. Faith's, about the year 1562. While yet a child he was stolen by vagrant gypsies, who were apprehended almost as soon as the theft was discovered, and Robert was returned to his parents. His biographer tells us that in after years, he gratefully remembered his speedy deliverance.

As a youth, he evinced a great desire for the religious life, and accordingly at the age of fifteen, he was sent to Paris, and then to Rome to complete his ecclesiastical studies. While at Rome, he became a member of the Society of Jesus. He wished to devote his life to the saving of souls in England, the battle-ground of the Faith in Europe. After his ordination, then, in company with Father Henry Garnet, he set sail for England early in July, 1586. Both of these holy men immediately began to labor among their persecuted brethren; and by their bravery and fortitude they gave new courage to the few remaining priests on the island. Father Southwell, being the confessor of the powerful Lady Arundel, was protected for six years, during which time he wrote at intervals;

but at last he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and, after an unfair trial, was publicly beheaded at Tyburn in the year 1595. Thus died that great martyr and poet, Robert Southwell, at the age of thirty-three, leaving behind him poems remarkable for their sweetness and beauty.

The few poems that he has left us are mostly of the religious sort. Their chief charm lies in the intensity of their feeling and the strength of their language. Unlike the other lyrists of his time, Southwell put his whole soul into his writings. Poetry brought no consolation to him. He longed to express in poetry his highest and holiest thoughts and most fervent inspirations. "He burned to manifest the divine love that lived within him, and, in the usual expression of poetry, he cried out."

Southwell wrote very few long poems. Indeed this rather adds to his worth. His longest poem, "St. Peter's Complaint," is filled with trivial conceits, and figures long drawn out; but scattered here and there, are little lyrics inimitable in their grace and sweetness. How fine are the lines:

"Sweet volumes, stored with learning for fit saints,
When blissful quires imparadise their mind,
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds:
How endless is your labyrinth of bliss,
When to be lost the sweetest finding is."

"Times Go by Turns" is Southwell's best known poem. It is full of power and thought.

"The Burning Babe" is the most rhythmical poem he has written, and, in my opinion, is his best lyric. His other lyrics are not of much interest. Occasionally one finds a stanza fraught with good advice. On account of Southwell's tragic death, his poems were very popular during the Elizabethan period; but they have gradually fallen from their high place in literature, until, at the present day, very few people are acquainted either with this Elizabethan lyricist or his works.

Poetry and the English Odes.

TWO THEMES IN THE CRITICISM CLASS.

Poetry has been defined again and again; but search as you will there is no definition which tells us exactly what poetry is. Some explain it in its certain phases; but, owing to their scarcity of words, fail to express exactly what they mean; others fly wide of their mark,

and in attempting to define all, cover no portion of the vast field which poetry occupies. But strange as it may seem, the greater portion of these attempts fit exactly to the great odes which we have under consideration, and this, to my mind, is an evident proof that we have in the odes the best examples of true poetry. It is almost certain that the word poetry will never be defined, and yet there are few who, at a moment's warning, could not cite an exact example of this exalted form of expression.

Poetry has been rightly called the language of the gods, because in poetry are expressed the highest and the noblest thoughts that man ever wished to convey to his fellow-creature. Rightly, indeed, for when I had read "The Ode to a Skylark" and "To a Nightingale," I immediately realized that any attempt to express in prose the thoughts contained therein would be a feeble one indeed. I see drawn from nature itself and conveyed to language lessons which the most imaginative had thus far been able only to conceive. I see sentiments which had existed from the creation of the world, but which were too high for expression, until the artistic hand of a Keats or a Shelley painted them in such beautiful colors. But above all this, I realize that the thoughts are poetry; that they are expressed poetically, and it is for this that everyone joins in such earnest praise of the two sweetest odes in the English language.

The ode in itself is a remarkable form of expression. It is of Greek origin, being first immortalized by the hand of Pindar, and the odes of Horace, which are imitations of his, show what an exalted state it had reached during the golden age of Latin literature. It is suited to the sublime as well as to tender sentiments, and test has proven it equally powerful in both. In "Alexander's Feast," we have a wonderful example of the former, while of the latter there is no better illustration than the justly-famed production of Keats. When we add to these the famous ode of Shelley and the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," we have in a group the principal examples of what true poetry really is. Every one certainly admires them, for to say that he does not is to make the assertion that for him beauty has no charms.

Nor are these the only examples we can cite of the greatness of the ode. In "Alexander's Feast" we certainly have music, but whether it is true poetry or not is a disputed question. When we add to these "The Ode to Eton College," "Thanatopsis" "Gray's Elegy" and

many others which are equally famous, we certainly have ample proof that the ode is not least among the literary forms of expression.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN, '96.

* * *

It is not strange, that the many definitions given of poetry are incomplete. Though each mentions that which is essential to it, none conveys to the mind a distinct idea of what it really is. The word that would express all will never be coined, but must remain a vague image far in the distance. "Poetry may be considered to be the gift of moving the affections through the imagination, and its object to be the beautiful." From this the term can be applied only to expression, as likewise, "The expression, of an ideal," "Imagination at a white heat"; but what does the poet mean by saying:

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones, and good in everything"?

Combined into one, these definitions speak of the good, the beautiful, the sublime and the intense—the living principles of poetry; yet what judge being informed that one's written thoughts possessed this, and, too, expressed in rhythmical language, would give a decision, and call it poetry, not having read all himself? However, what may be said concerning these impressions, there is little room for criticism, they are as exact as language permits.

People, I notice, are liable to fancy a great deal, and unlike the stern, devoted scientist, interpret phenomena in a way that is truly ridiculous, but which they do not hesitate to call poetical. No one cares to be accused of affectation, even though it is quite natural for the human soul to soar on high, to dream of things sublime and beautiful. Of the great crowd which thus stand in contemplation, those who express themselves best are poets, and of their poems, the odes are the richest outcome of this mood. Like the farewell song of swans, they contain the wealth which has accumulated in silence for many years.

Rich is the English language in beautiful odes. While the Latins and the Greeks have left us many masterpieces, they can never gain the place in our hearts, which the more modern occupy. And have we not, above all, a right to feel proud when the best of them are written in our own tongue?

From the vast number, each of which has received the master-touch of a poet, I have

been content to choose those few addressed to birds, and consider them more closely, convinced that they contain enough for long and serious study. They are, too, the most widely known; and, besides being very similar in themselves, may be taken as a type of all the others.

At the head of this little list, I anxiously place Shelley's "To a Skylark." Like the clear song of the bird itself, his words seem to come from the heart, and their sound awes the hearer. If we have not heard the dumb creature which cherishes such a charm, we have at least felt the spirit which it has aroused in a sympathetic soul. It is absurd for one who dwells in a locality where the skylark is not native, more so for one who has never heard its notes, to go into ecstasies over their splendor. In America the mocking-bird, no doubt, approaches nearest to it, enough so, at least, to give one an idea of the English bird's pureness. Should I be asked what melody is, I would point to either of these songsters; and if asked what poetry is, I would point to Shelley's ode, or Keats' "To a Nightingale."

The quality which, in particular, lends a charm to the odes I have mentioned, is form. Not bound down by any rules, the writers are as free as the waterfowl which Bryant has so eloquently spoken to. Well may it be said, that they laugh good-naturedly at the stern grammarian and rhetorician who subject euphony to fixed laws, and who do this, not because they will realize a gain in simplicity, but, perhaps, because style and personality, things that make thought so interesting, existed long before the precious grammar and rhetoric. Yet with all their liberty, the verse-makers are clear, simple and musical. Of living authors, Coventry Patmore possesses in a wonderful degree that power of producing in his lines true harmony, even though the metre be irregular. Another quality, that must not be overlooked, is that of length; none of the odes here spoken of are of such extent as to become tiresome. There is in either of them just enough to satisfy that desire which so often springs up in a restless mind.

Most of what has been said applies to the last of my little list, the great ode of Higginson "To an Eagle," our old bird of freedom. How many more could be mentioned? What could be said of "To a Grecian Urn," "Thanatopsis" and especially "Alexander's Feast" which has been so carefully criticised by that scholar and theologian, Cardinal Newman. The question, "Why did not Bryant mention a particular bird?" and many similar ones, show so plainly, what is contained in the poetry of poets.

FRANCIS E. EVANSON, '96.

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—On Tuesday afternoon, Rt. Rev. Bishop Messmer, Bishop of Green Bay and President of the Columbian Catholic Summer School addressed the students. His remarks were confined to an explanation of the object and aim of the institution to be established this summer at Madison, Wisconsin. The course of lectures outlined by the board of Directors shows that topics of social and religious interest will be discussed during the various sessions. The Bishop is a pleasing and entertaining speaker and his remarks showed that his heart and soul were in his project. With such a man as Bishop Messmer at its head, together with its present corps of lecturers, the Columbian Catholic Summer School of the West must be a success.

Semi-Annual Examination, Friday, Saturday,
Monday, June 7-10.

[Under the supervision of Rev. President Morrissey.]

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—Thirty years have passed since Appomattox closed the bloody struggle that for four years had raged between brother and brother in our fair land. Since that time a new generation has grown to manhood, to whom the passions and animosities aroused in that sad period are not things that have been felt, but an echo of things heard. But yet each year a grateful nation consecrates a day to pay a tribute to the memory of her sturdy sons who bled and died that the Union might live. Their graves are scattered throughout the land, silent and solemn witnesses to the spirit of Americanism,—the spirit that calmly sacrifices life for principle:

"A simple sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it,
With only daily votive flowers,
To prove that any love it;
The token flag that silently
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers."

To Notre Dame, also, Memorial Day is sacred. But it is not by brilliant military pageants or lofty eulogies that she remembers the departed brave. Rather does she invoke the mighty aid of Religion, and reach even into the dread beyond to bring succour to her children. She sings now a solemn *Requiem* to their memory as once she sang a glorious *Te Deum* in their victory.

In the midst of Notre Dame's wonderful progress, material and intellectual, her services to the land during the war have not been adequately recognized. The heroic little band of priests that left her quiet halls to plunge into the din and crash of battle was a host in itself. It is a recognized fact that the Catholic soldier who has the ministrations of his religion fights and dies the better for them. The army chaplains that went out from Notre Dame nerved thousands of men to a better performance of their duty. They were ever in the thickest of the fray. They taught their fellow-soldiers by word and example to live without reproach and to die without regret. As a distinguished prelate said not long ago: "Patriotic Americans will yet raise a monument to Father Sorin, in recognition of his generosity in sending his priests to the front during the civil war."

Most of the brave little band have long since sought "the bivouac of the dead"; but there are still left, as true and loyal as in the dark days of '61, Fathers Corby and Cooney at Notre Dame, and Father Carrier in far-off Canada. Notre Dame may well be proud of her sons.

The University Stock Company.

This year's productions on the stage of Notre Dame have been happier than usual. The Cecilians led off with a wonderfully successful play; the Thespians excelled all their previous efforts; the Columbians, despite adverse circumstances, adhered to their ordinarily high standard; the Philopatians, too, joined, the progressive throng; but, *palmarum qui meruit ferat*, to the University Stock Company truly belongs the palm. The SCHOLASTIC policy has always been one of encouragement, and we may have been, at times, too kind to our players; but now, at least, let the praise of our Booths and Barretts and Jeffersons be as extravagant as it may, and it would still be but justice.

The secret of the Stock Company's success is hard work. They have been rehearsing their parts for weeks, and, under the able management of Father Moloney and Mr. Marmon, who organized the company, they have more than realized our most sanguine expectations. They have made a new departure in Notre Dame theatricals by the introduction of the one-act "curtain-raiser" and the two-act play. Many have expressed the hope that this precedent

will be well seconded in the future, and that the sentimental trash, of which we are all weary, will vanish. It is gratifying to state that our neighboring city added much to the importance of the occasion. The presence of such a large number of strangers is but a foretaste of the approaching event which we are so anxiously awaiting.

Whom shall we begin to praise? Each has done admirable work; all have admirably supported one another. "Morgan," an old man, whose kindness made him nervous, warm-hearted, where no reward could be expected, tender as an old man can be—such was the character so well supported by Mr. Eustace Cullinan in "Forget-me-nots." "Mr. Henry Seymour," the wreck of a happy youth, the idol of a mother's heart, the result of a city's intoxicating pleasures, was ably carried out by Mr. Elmer Murphy. The scene was difficult, but on that account the more successful. Mr. Cullinan was the picture of solicitude, Mr. Murphy of despair. For once the audience was thoroughly sympathetic, and Messrs. Cullinan and Murphy made a decided hit. The motive of the little piece was simple and the effects were achieved by the admirable work of the two actors. The "curtain-raiser" was a success and a fitting prelude to the comedy which followed.

"Vacation," as presented on the local boards, brought back pleasant memories to many of us. Several gentlemen, including a bank president, a guide, who turns out to be a defaulting cashier, a bank clerk, who is not so honest as he seems, a distinguished member of New York's "400," don't you know, a reporter for the *Daily Cyclone*, in which the leading man at the Bon Ton Theatre is everlastingly "roasted," are out camping. They engage the services of a negro cook and an all-around Celt. A tramp, who has learned a thing or two in his travels, turns up at an opportune moment to save the life of the cashier-guide, who previously won his good-will by treating him to a cup of coffee and two loaves of bread. A farmer and his son, who "want ter know" whether our dude is a living thing, try to make a few dollars by the sale of fresh butter and eggs. On the whole 'tis a goodly company that finds plenty of diversion, despite the sermons of the "truly good young man."

Mr. John G. Mott, the leading man in the play, filled his position admirably. As "Jim Parr," the guide, he was brave and honest, and

at the end, when his identity was disclosed he appeared to perfection as the reconciled and satisfied cashier, "Herbert Wells." Mr. Cullinan, as president of the Empire Bank, was the ideal business man on his summer outing. He was natural all through the play. He has often delighted the college audience. Mr. Devaney, as "Curtis Dunbar," played a difficult part. His hypocrisy was well acted, but "Jim Parr" and "Raggles" proved too much for him in the end.

"Mr. G. Elliott Brayton" was unique. Whether true to life or not we cannot say, but we fear he was not true to nature. This, however, is the fault of his class. His cigarette, cane and monocle formed, of course, a large part of his apparel. He proved his ability as a declaimer, and nobly, though unconsciously, bore the witticisms of his companions. He kept the audience in very good humor. Mr. Funke, indeed, deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on him.

Mr. Marmon, as "Jack Ashton," the reporter, was the most natural man in the play. He showed appreciation of a joke, kindness for those in distress, and general good spirits. He, too, should have smoked his cigarette, or does he belong to the reformed set? He was frank and open-hearted, and won the appreciation of his audience.

Mr. Murphy, again in his favorite comic part, was more successful than ever. He has made us his debtors for the amusement he has given us on various occasions during the year. His tragic lapses, which were artfully brought in during the play, were highly admired. Mr. Murphy is an actor in fact as well as in fiction.

"Raggles," with the exception of "Jack Ashton," was the most natural of the players. Mr. Cavanagh was at his best. Possibly his close study of "Puck's" pages may have slightly distorted his idea of the "Weary Raggles." His efforts were warmly applauded.

Mr. Arthur W. Stace as "Old Obadiah Siggins" was a well developed farmer with a patent Michigan twang. His swagger was delightful and his make-up all that could be desired. We have never seen on the local stage a better representation of the "Reuben" genus. Mr. E. Frank Jones as his son "Obey" brought the laughing tears to our eyes. The part could not have been better played. It seemed strange, however, that one who could frighten even our friend the dude with his elocution, should be able to sing so sweetly. His songs had a local

color, which made them the more acceptable. He bewailed the defeats of our baseball team and sang the praises of their victories. "Memories of the Past" was so well sung that an *encore* was indulged in.

Mr. Leigh F. Gibson as "Dennis Clancy" added much to the comic effect. Though spoiling for a fight, he could be very agreeable, and even broke into song on more than one occasion. But why do they ever make the Celt a red-haired anomaly?

Mr. Barton, perhaps, deserves more credit than any of the others. As a negro cook he was perfectly consistent. His "Alabama Coon" was well sung and encored. There can be no doubt that his part was the most difficult of all, but he was fully equal to the occasion.

We cannot pass over the musical part of the entertainment without saying a word or two of well-merited praise. The Orchestra was in its usual vein. The greater glory belongs to the Quartette, Messrs. Jones, Marmon, Barton and Gibson, who, although handicapped by the very short time they had to prepare, did very well indeed. The Orchestra is to be thanked for the excellent rendition of the musical part of the programme. The Athletic Association gratefully acknowledges its thanks to the Stock Company for their gracious assistance.

Notre Dame, 11—Purdue, 6.

"And our flag's at the peak for aye," sang the Stock Company on last Wednesday afternoon, and twenty-four hours later the Varsity made good the boast with a sweeping victory over Purdue. At least twelve hundred people saw them do it—half of them with our Gold and Blue on their breasts—the other half partisans of Purdue. The stand was gay with colors, the Black and Yellow predominating, but Purdue's most enthusiastic supporters were the three hundred, or more, careful ones who saved their quarters and saw the game from the road by the Observatory. As usual the visitors led at the start, for it seems to be an utter impossibility for our fellows to wake up before the fourth inning, but when they once got the whiphand, the rest was easy. The game was no pitcher's battle; the "Tigers" made a decent number of hits off Smith, but nothing more, while the Varsity, after trying for three innings to solve Breen, found him in the fourth,

and he came in to the bench and rested in the sixth, Brown, the guardian of the first bag, replacing him. But Brown could not stop the cannonading, Notre Dame's willows had no holes in them and he, too, was knocked out in the eighth. The Varsity won all their honors in the batter's box; their work in the field was terribly unequal, errors and brilliant plays alternating with heart-breaking regularity. There is a tendency, too, among the men, just now, to refuse chances for fear of making errors, and unless this is gotten rid of, Minnesota may be the victors on the 5th.

It was an ideal day for a ball-game, from the spectators' point of view. The mercury touched one hundred in the sun, making brilliant plays possible, while the stiff breeze that blew up from the south cooled the air and made field catches uncertain enough to be interesting. The stand was delightfully cool after four o'clock, the shade cast by Science Hall covering the whole area before half-past, and then the umbrellas were lowered and the gay frocks and brilliant colors made the sight a pretty one. The most striking thing about the audience was the interest it took in the game. There were no indifferentists; if the Gold-and-Blue was not somewhere in evidence, it was because the Yellow and Black was there already, and every one was vitally interested in the struggle going on before them.

The Purdue "rooters" got the first chance to shout—in fact, the first four chances—for the men from Lafayette managed to score one in each of the first four innings as regularly as they blanked us in the first three. Brownson was the first of the "Tigers" to shake his stick at Smith. He hit to Chassaing who threw him out; but Wiley's grounder to short was fumbled and he cantered to first, taking second on McGinnis' dropped ball. Bushman pushed a hard one to Chassaing who failed to get it, and Wiley went home before Sweet could get the ball to the plate. Bushman went to second, of course, but Brown rolled one to third; his namesake in blue threw him out, and Bushman was caught stealing third. Funkhauser broke his bat and his short fly to first was captured by Brown. Chassaing bowled one to second and sat down to coach. Campbell made Notre Dame's first hit, pounding the horse-hide to deep centre, and stole second and third without delay. There was one chance for a tying score, but McGinnis' eye was not so good, and he retired on strikes.

The second inning was a repetition of the first except that the Varsity made a few more errors. Schmidt dropped Rodman's fly in left and he took second; Fisher sacrificed to Chassaing and Rodman scored on Chassaing's fumble of Breen's bunt and wild throw to Anson. It was an overthrow and blocked ball and Breen made third before the horse-hide returned to the box. Talbot hit to Chassaing and was thrown out, while Allen went out on a grounder to Funkhauser. The Varsity had hardly time to catch its breath before they were chasing leather again. Anson struck out; Schmidt flew out to Talbot, and Brown was thrown out at first by Wiley. The feature of the third was Bushman's three-base hit to left, after Brownson's fly had been captured by Anson and Wiley had struck out. Brown pounded a hot one to third, scoring Purdue's big half-back and making first himself. Rodman repeated the manoeuvre, and Smith's wild pitch gave each another base. Fisher tried to bunt and was declared out, and Purdue put on the mitts again. Sweet's pop-up to short was held by Wiley; Smith hit safely to shallow centre, but was forced out at second by Funkhauser, who hit to Breen. Chassaing was thrown out at first by Talbot, leaving Funkhauser on second.

Purdue added one more to her score in the fourth. Breen hit to Smith and sat down; Talbot hit safely over short; Allen sacrificed to Chassaing and Talbot went to third on a wild pitch. Campbell missed Brownson's fly to centre, and Talbot trotted home; Brownson was caught asleep at first, and Notre Dame came in for another try at Breen. Campbell flew out to left, but McGinnis pounded a pretty double to left, went to third on Green's overthrow of Anson's short grounder. Schmidt sacrificed, scoring McGinnis and advancing Anson, who had made second on Breen's error. Brown hit a lively grounder past second and our big first baseman cantered home. Sweet flew out to first, but the Varsity had recovered its grip, and Purdue got only one man to first in the fifth. Wiley's grounder to short was fatal to him. Bushman, after getting first on balls, was caught at second and Brown's low drive to centre was none too warm for Campbell. Poor coaching gave Purdue a triple play in the second half of the inning. Smith's hit to third was fumbled; Funkhauser drove a grounder past first, moving Smith to second; Chassaing made a short line hit to the box and Breen put it to Talbot who threw to first, catching both

runners before they could return. Purdue came in for a moment only; Rodman was thrown out by Funkhauser, Fisher flew out to Sweet and Breen fouled out to Brown. Campbell began the cannonading in the sixth with a beautiful drive to right which netted him three bases; McGinnis followed with even a longer hit to left, scoring Campbell and making third himself. Anson singled and McGinnis crossed the plate, but Breen took a vacation and Brown went into the box. Anson was caught at second and Schmidt and Brown struck out. Purdue made her last brace of runs in the seventh, Talbot hitting safely to left, Allen sacrificing, and Brownson making first on Funkhauser's error and going to second at once. Wiley's two-bagger scored both, but Bushman flew out and Rodman was thrown out at first. Sweet went to first on balls; Smith fouled out; Funkhauser flew out to Talbot, but Brown fumbled Chassaing's grounder, threw wild, and Sweet and our manager scored before Purdue recovered themselves. Campbell retired on strikes. The score a tie.

In the eighth Fisher and Breen went out on fly-balls, and Allen followed suit after Talbot had made a double to right. The Gold and Blue made a magnificent spurt in the last half, five men crossing the plate in quick succession. McGinnis singled past third, stole second and Anson's eye was good for first. A wild pitch gave each one more, and Schmidt hit safely to right, scoring Mac, and giving Anson third. A passed ball and Anson was home and Schmidt at second. Brown struck out, but Sweet's grounder to first was fumbled and Schmidt came home. Smith fouled out; Funkhauser smashed the horsehide to deep centre for a superb triple, bringing in Sweet, scoring himself on Chassaing's short hit to pitcher. Campbell flew out to first, and the game was won, for Purdue did not get a man on first, Brownson flying out to Schmidt, Wiley retiring at first and Bushman, Purdue's last hope, striking out. It was a great game from the fourth to the last inning and proved Notre Dame easily the champions of Indiana.

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Funkhauser, s. s.	5	1	2	0	1	3	0	1
Chassaing, 2nd b.	5	1	1	0	1	5	1	0
Campbell, c. f.	5	1	2	0	2	0	0	2
McGinnis, c.	4	3	3	0	3	2	1	0
Anson, 1st b.	3	2	2	0	14	0	0	1
Schmidt, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	1	0
Brown, 3rd b.	4	0	1	0	3	4	0	0
Sweet, r. f.	4	2	0	0	2	0	0	0
Smith, p.	4	0	2	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	11	14	1	1	27	15	3	4

PURDUE U.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Brownson, c. f.	5	1	2	0	1	0	0	0
Wiley, s. s.	5	1	1	0	1	2	0	1
Bushman, l. f.	4	1	2	0	1	0	0	0
Brown, p. and 1st b.	4	0	2	0	6	0	1	1
Rodman, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
Fisher, c.	4	0	0	1	7	1	0	0
Breen, p. and b.	4	0	0	0	3	1	2	0
Talbot, 2nd b.	4	2	3	1	4	3	1	1
Allen, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	11	4	4	24	7	4	3

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—
 NOTRE DAME:—0 0 0 2 0 2 2 5 *—11
 PURDUE:—1 1 1 1 0 0 2 0 0—6

Earned Runs, N. D., 7; P. U. 3; Two Base Hits, McGinnis, Wiley, Talbot. Three Base Hits, McGinnis, Campbell, Funkhauser, Bushman. Triple Play, Breen to Talbot to Brown. Bases on Balls, Sweet, Anson, Bushman. Struck out, McGinnis, Anson, Schmidt, Brown, 2; Campbell, Wiley, Fisher, Bushman. Passed Balls, Fisher, 2. Wild Pitch, Smith, 1. Left on Base, N. D., 4; Purdue, 3. Time, 2.20. Umpire, F. P. McManus.

Local Items.

—Our anglers have taken many fine bass from the lakes during the week.

—The return of the sultry weather was welcomed by those who enjoy swimming.

—The warm weather of the past week has revived the flowers in St. Edward's Park.

—After the May devotions are over the Band will discourse sweet music every evening in the Park.

—Pre-Raphaelitism was the absorbing theme in the Literature class during the week just past.

—The Elocutionary contests of both departments will take place next Monday morning and afternoon.

—A large number of South Bend people attended the play given by the University Stock Company on Wednesday.

—All of the musical organizations are practising hard for Commencement and we may expect something above the ordinary.

—Last Tuesday morning Father Kirsch photographed the First Communion Class grouped in front of the statue of the Sacred Heart.

—Examinations for the Graduates in the Academical courses will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 4th and 5th of June.

—Many new varieties of flowers have been added to the lawn in front of the main building and the grounds have been otherwise beautified.

—During the past week the members of the Belles-Lettres Class have been discussing the influence of Theocritus on Tennyson and preparing their graduation essays.

—The hill in front of the Seminary has been cut down to a gentle slope; the paths are being graded and gravelled, which greatly enhance the beauty of the grounds.

—The works of Cardinal Newman and those of Robert Louis Stevenson have occupied the attention of the class in Literary Criticism during the past week.

—Lost.—A round silver locket, also a plain gold chain without either bar or snap. Finder of either of the articles would oblige the owner by leaving it at the Students' office.

—The Carrollites utilize Thursday mornings in catching the whales in the St. Joseph lake. There is no necessity to mention the number caught, but likely it would exceed all expectations.

—McDonald, the photographer, has been busily engaged in taking "flash-light pictures on the stage of Washington Hall. The musical clubs and the University Stock Company have been taken thus far.

—Everyone is hard at work preparing for the final examinations, which will take place next week. The graduates will be examined on Wednesday and the other students on Friday, Saturday, and Monday.

—As Commencement approaches the boat crews are improving a great deal both in speed and turning. Judging from their progress this last week there is little doubt but that some of the fast records will be smashed.

—On Tuesday afternoon the Varsity baseball team went down to South Bend and had a large group-picture taken at McDonald's. There were fifteen in the picture, including the regular team substitutes and Umpire McManus and mascot, little Willie Robb.

—Despite the cold weather that prevailed an interesting game of ball was played on the 26th ult. between the Specials of St. Joseph's Hall and a nine from South Bend. The excellent work of McHugh in the box and errorless in-field play won the game for the boys of St. Joseph's Hall, the score being 15 to 0.

—The Carrolls again met the South Bend "East Ends" the 26th ult. The result proved to be more in accordance with the character of Notre Dame. Capt. Miles was well rewarded for the pains he took in practising his nine. The game was 19 to 11 in favor of the Carrolls.

—The St. Cecilians held a meeting in their society room last Wednesday evening. The programme was carried out with success. Mr. Connor's selection on the violin, was especially well received. Mr. L. Healy delivered a well-prepared declamation. Mr. J. W. Lantry read a very appropriate criticism. It was decided that the next meeting should be held in the reading-room with the company of the Philopatrians.

—One day last week, while the St. Mary's fleet was manœuvring, the Commodore, otherwise known as "Bismark," "Patsy," fell overboard. *Das Kind*, the builder, who was on board, says that the water raised at least two feet when the

big man tumbled in. If he had not been on the largest boat with a good master he would have been lost. When pulled in it was hard to tell which was the man and which were the weeds. It is said that he crawled in through a back window of Sorin Hall to avoid the public gaze. Shortly he reappeared in Prince Albert, which did not become a Prince Bismark.

—The following programme was presented by the University Stock Company last Wednesday:

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

IN ONE ACT.

(By B. C. L. Griffith).

Mr. Henry Seymour.....Mr. Elmer J. Murphy
Morgan.....Mr. Eustace Cullinan

VACATION.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS BY CHAS. TOWNSEND.

Herbert Wells, alias Jim Parr, a guide, formerly cashier of the Empire Bank....Mr. John G. Mott
Mr. Pemberton, President of the Empire Bank.....Mr. Eustace Cullinan
Curtis Dunbar, a truly good young man, Mr. J. Devanney
G. Elliott Brayton, of New York's "400," Mr. A. Funke
Jack Ashton, of the New York *Daily Cyclone*.....Mr. Joseph A. Marmon
Dick Percival, leading man at the Bon Ton Theatre.....Mr. Elmer J. Murphy
Raggles, a Tramp.....Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh
Old Obadiah Siggins, a farmer....Mr. Arthur W. Stace
Young Obey, his son.....Mr. E. Frank Jones
Dennis Clancy, an all-around man, Mr. Leigh F. Gibson
Toots, a negro cook.....Mr. Francis W. Barton

Music by the Orchestra.

Social Sessions, Medley Overture.....Cruger
Angel's Dream Yorke.....Prendiville
Massachusetts Military March.....Zimmermann

—This is the local column, wherein everything of minor importance in the affairs of our college world is supposed to be preserved in print for the edification of the present and the amusement, perhaps, of the coming generation. Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin would no doubt smile a little, himself, if he could see to what queer verses his melody could accommodate itself; but we have been asked to print the "local" song which the Stock Company chanted last Wednesday—and the SCHOLASTIC is the servant of the public:

They said, when the Michigan men
Made thirteen to nothing the score,
That our Varsity never could win,
That the Gold and Blue's triumphs were o'er.
Rush Medical won by a trick
That only professionals know.
But the crookers and their little clique
Declared that our players were slow.
They smiled when we said it was Fate,
Not science, that won either game
For the foe, and our sorrow was great,
Just a moment, for old Notre Dame.

CHORUS.

But we gave them a cheer and banished the fear
That knocked at our hearts that day.
And our own is the best of the teams of the West
And our flag's at the peak for aye.

Then Fortune forgot, once, to frown,
And our fellows played ball from the start
And they tumbled flushed Illinois down,
And gladdened each Notre Dame heart.

Wisconsin was next on the field,
 And we haven't forgotten, quite, yet,
 How we made the gay Cardinal yield,
 In the ninth, with that glorious quartette.
 For our "rooters" are game to the last,
 And our Varsity's true to the test,
 And our colors are nailed to the mast,
 And we'll strike them to naught in the West.

CHORUS.

So we'll give them a cheer and laugh at the fear
 That knocked at our hearts that day,
 For our own is the best of the teams of the West,
 And our flag's at the peak for aye,

—The necessity for a new college cheer grows daily more evident. Even the most unthinking of our men are beginning to be ashamed of the adaptation of Michigan's yell that is masquerading, now, as our college cry. There is not half the spirit in our cheering that we ought to put into it. At last Thursday's game it was something unusual to hear more than a score of voices in chorus at once. There are a few who shout themselves hoarse, in spite of the heat and wilting linen, and come away husky-throated, but the majority content themselves with an occasional cheer "when the Varsity deserves it." Now, it is a very good thing to reward a brilliant play or a long, hard drive with a chorus of approvals; but the cheers that have a real influence on the games are the ones that nerve the boys in blue flannels and many colored stockings to play snappy ball from the start. Just as long as the men behind the lines are apathetic and uninterested, our boys will play a listless game, and the battle with Purdue is the best proof of it. It took four innings to arouse the enthusiasm of the wearers of the Gold and Blue, but, once started, its voice was a whirlwind, and Notre Dame forged ahead and won in splendid style. Then, too, we need a yell for the Jubilee and at once, for, to be effective, a cheer must be given in unison and unison comes only with practice. The Sorin Hall committee is still silent and Brownson Hall has no committee, so that the SCHOLASTIC is usurping no one's rights when it submits the three following cheers and asks you to take your choice or submit another, *at once*.

N. D.—Hurrah! D. U.—Hurrah!
 The Gold—Hurrah! The Blue—Hurrah!
 Houp-a-rah hoo, rah-hoo, rah-hoo!
 Notre Dame, Rah-Hurrah, N. D. U.

Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Rah-Hurrah!
 Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Rah-Hurrah!
 Rah-Hurrah, Gold! Rah-Hurrah, Blue!
 Notre Dame, Rah-Hurrah! N. D. U.

N. D., Notre Dame, Rah-Hurrah!
 N. D., Notre Dame, Rah-Hurrah!
 Rah-Hurrah, Gold! Rah-Hurrah, Blue!
 Rah-Hurrah! Notre Dame, N. D. U.

Here, then, are the cheers or suggestions for them, and now it remains to be seen who will be the first to start them. They should be given as quickly as possible, for a quick cheer is twice

as effective as the slow ones we have been used to. Couldn't a meeting be arranged to try the three we print, and any others which may be offered, and to decide what we are to yell at Commencement.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Cullinan, Casey, Dempsey, Dinkel, Eyanson, Funke, Gibson, Gallagher, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Marr, Mitchell, J. Mott, McManus, Murray, E. McKee, Pritchard, Puskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Stace.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Byrne, Brinker, Brennan, Coleman, Corby, Chassaing, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, Dowd, Delaney, Daley, Dillon, Eymmer, Fagan, Falvey, Fera, Foulks, Gibson, Golden, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, Harrison, Hindel, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hengen, Hanrahan, Jones, Johnson, Kegler, I. Kaul, Kortas, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lassig, Medley, Mulroney, J. Miller, Montague, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, C. Miller, McHugh, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, Ney, O'Mally, Oldshue, Palmer, Puskamp, Piquette, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, E. Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, F. Smoger, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, G. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, F. Wagner, Wiss.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cornell, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Danne-miller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forb-ing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fitzgibbon, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, L. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Jones, Keeffe, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Lantry, Lowery, Lane, Lansdowne, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Miers, F. Morris, R. Murray, Mc-Shane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Sachs, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Schaack, Scott, F. Smith, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Wigg, Waters, Wells, Weidmann, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Lawton, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, P. Boyton, C. Boyton, Breslin, Brissenden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Davis, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lovell, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. Mc-Carthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, Mc-Elroy, McCorry, McNamara, Mitchell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Paul, E. Querti-mont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Robb, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite Welch, Weidmann, H. Pollitz.